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WORD COMES FROM ATLANTA, Georgia, of the death in that city on October 20 of Dr. Frank E. R. Miller, who served as pastor



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will be remembered by Grand Forks friends as an earnest and brilliant young man, an eloquent speaker, intensely absorbed in work for the under-privileged. Shortly after leaving Grand Forks he retired from the ministry, and his life since that time was devoted entirely to social work. In that field he became nationally known, and in work for the advancement of negroes in and about Atlanta he found opportunity for a ministry which appealed to him more than any other. He had lived in Atlanta about 12 years, had served as Community Chest director and an officer of many city and state social work organizations. For some time past his health had been poor, and he had been obliged to retire from several of his positions. To the last he clung to his instructorship in the school, whose work is chiefly among negroes. He was idolized by the colored people of the community and held in high esteem by all who knew him. Mrs. Miller, also well known in Grand Forks, who survives him, had long been associated with him in his work.

* * *

WHILE IN GRAND FORKS Miller served as chairman of a committee which brought to the city an evangelist named Hunt for a long series of revival meetings. He conducted extensive correspondence with representative men and women in many communities where the evangelist had held forth, and received reports which convinced him and other members of the committee of the suitability of Mr. Hunt for the engagement. The man was engaged and came with his staff of speakers and

singers and started his meetings. The results were distressing. The evangelist seemed to have copied the extravagant mannerisms of Billy Sunday, but he lacked Sunday's force of character. He was repudiated by the committee, and for a time conducted sensational meetings in a wooden "tabernacle" on North Fifth street. Dr. Miller was greatly chagrined that he had been instrumental in bringing such a man to the city. After it was all over he said to me: "Never again! I have learned my lesson, and I'll never get caught that way again." I feel quite sure that he never did.

* * *

ALL THE WAY FROM IRELAND comes a request for the name of a song. S. Laverty, Castle House, Baheny, Dublin, Ireland, writes:

"I shall be grateful if one of your readers will kindly send me the words of the song "My Girl's Hot," which I heard on the American radio."

I haven't heard the song. Any one who knows it is invited to write Mr. Laverty.

* * *

WE HAVEN'T HAD ANY mathematical puzzles for quite some time. Here is one that I thought rather neat:

A grandfather is now ten times as old as his grandson. Fourteen years later he will be four times as old as the grandson. What are their ages now?

If one doesn't care for the x's and y's of algebra the problem can be solved easily by simple arithmetic.

* * *

I HAVE JUST LEARNED FOR the first time that the "Little Orphan Annie" of James Whitcomb Riley's poem was a real person. An orphan child of about 15, she went to the Riley home to work for her "board an' keep," and she thrilled the youngsters with her wierd tales of witches and goblins, just as Riley said. As young Riley grew up he lost track of her, but after he became famous he learned that she was still living. He found her, a middle-aged married woman, living not far from the old home, and they had a grand reunion. In the old Riley home, which has been restored and is furnished just as it was in the long ago, the visitor is shown the rafter-room, and cubby-hole and press where they searched in vain for the little boy who wouldn't say his prayers.

WHETHER OR NOT THE people of California are to vote approval of the \$30-every Thursday pension plan, some of them are having a lot of fun with it. Mrs. Bentley Nelson (Lottie Reese) of Santa Ana, California, a former resident of Grand Forks, sends me a specimen of the "Ezeemunny Certificate" which is being circulated in California as a means of casting ridicule on the "ham and eggs" plan. It is about the size of a dollar bill and in design bears some resemblance to regular currency, except that the figure of Santa Claus in the center and the rainbow at the foot of which appears what is intended for a pot of ham and eggs are done in brilliant colors.



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THE FACE OF THIS INTER-esting bit of scrip bears the statement that "There is on deposit at the end of the rainbow 20 wooden nickels." Prominently displayed is the legend "E Pluribus Kiddem." The certificate is declared "illegal tender for private debt." It bears the signatures of "Pass De Buck, comptroller," and "Ham N. Eggs, treasurer." It is an ingenious campaign device, helping to subject the strange pension plan to one of the most effective attacks, that of laughter.

A MAN IN LOS ANGELES DEVotes his energies to the conservation of old automobiles, and he is making it pay. Such old machines as suit his fancy he buys, usually for about the price of junk, reconditions them, and has them for sale or rent. He sells a few items to museums, but the more active part of his business is in renting cars to motion picture companies. That line he finds quite lucrative.

THEATER AUDIENCES ARE inclined to be critical of stage settings for films and incongruities are quickly detected. The appearance of a 1920 car in a 1905 scene might not bring howls of derision from the floor of the theatre, but the producing company would be sure to hear about it in letters of protest pouring in from all over the country. Therefore, when a company is about to arrange a set-

ting for a 1905 scene in which a car is to appear, it applies to Mr. Twohy for the exact kind of car that was in use then. And Mr. Twohy is pretty sure to have it.

NOT ONLY DOES HE SUPPLY cars; he provides people to drive them. The driving is done exclusively by himself and his two sons. He will not entrust the job to others, for few modern drivers are equal to the job of handling one of those old-timers. They have gadgets of which the modern driver knows nothing, and of course modern equipment is altogether absent. Gear shifts were different, clutches were handled differently, starting was by means of a crank, and the whole set-up was different.

ONE OF THE CARS SALVAGED by Mr. Twohy is a 1913 Stevens-Guryea said to have been used for about a year by President Wilson. A picture of it shows it to have a right-hand drive, which surprised me, as I supposed the right-hand drive had been abandoned in this country before 1913. Another is a steamer which made the world's speed record in 1908. It could go, all right, but it took from five minutes to half an hour to get up steam.

I HAVE WONDERED OFTEN if designers have abandoned the idea of steam propulsion for passenger cars. It has cropped up at different times, and some 10 to 12 years ago there was quite a revival of interest in the steamer. Provision had been made for getting up steam almost instantly, and predictions were freely made that steam would soon take the place of gasoline.

ELECTRICITY, TOO, SEEMS to be pretty well out of the picture as a motive power for automobiles. The last spurt of interest in this phase of the industry, so far as I know, was a few years ago, shortly before the death of Steinmetz, famous scientist and engineer. Steinmetz originated a design in which power generated in a gasoline engine was used to develop electric current which was applied directly to the drive-wheels of the car. The plan was said to give the power plant greater flexibility, simplify gear shifting, and effect numerous economies. Nothing seems to have come of it so far as the automobile is concerned, but the new swift streamlined trains have power plants in which similar methods are applied.

THOUSANDS OF SETS OF nerves were severely shocked by the Sunday evening description of an imaginary invasion of this



planet by beings from Mars. Whether the stunt was intended as a Hallowe'en hoax or merely as a bit of realistic fiction is not quite clear, although listeners were warned from time to time that what they were hearing over the air was fiction and not fact. An intended hoax is

Davies not usually advertised as such.

* * *

HOAXES WITHOUT IDENTIFYING earmarks were once considered quite legitimate. Benjamin Franklin perpetrated a cruel one when he published an account of the death of a rival almanac publisher, and even after the victim of the falsehood had protested in print that he was still alive, Franklin calmly assured the public that such statement must be rejected as it was well known that so-and-so had died on the date first given. That story was accepted. It ruined the victim's business, and some accounts say that brooding over it hastened his death.

* * *

ANOTHER HOAX, NOT INTENDED to injure anyone, was that perpetrated by the New York Sun when it published a circumstantial story of the crossing of the Atlantic by balloon. A thrilling description of the voyage was given as coming from the officer in charge of the flight. That story had the scientists going for a while. Such stunts would not now be tolerated in newspaperdom, and the volume of protests which followed the Mars story on Sunday indicates that the public does not approve of radio hoaxes of like character.

* * *

THERE IS ENOUGH OF THE superstitious spirit abroad to cause a multitude of people to be terrified by stories of invasion from another planet. It is true that scientists do not know that life exists on any of the other planets in our system. Neither is there known any means of reaching one planet from another. And if there are on Mars living beings so intelligent that they have devised means of

reaching the earth, there is no reason to suppose that they would come with hostile intent. At any rate, it is not likely that they would begin bombing and slaughtering without first looking the place over. We never did anything to them.

* * *

UTTERLY INCREDIBLE AS must be any story of invasion from another planet, the broadcast of Sunday night does suggest a real, although remote possibility. Some day radio listeners who survive may be told of a terrible tragedy due to the landing on the earth's surface of a gigantic projectile from outer space. That possibility is not a mere dream.

* * *

EVERY HOUR OF THE DAY the earth is receiving fragments of matter from abroad. Small bodies, afloat in space, are drawn to the earth, are heated to incandescence by contact with its atmosphere, and usually are reduced to dust and gas, to become incorporated harmlessly in the mass of the planet. Occasionally one is large enough to escape complete destruction and strikes the earth, a mass a molten rack and metal. Thousands of such objects have been found.

* * *

THERE IS NOW IN WASHINGTON a meteorite brought from Greenland by Peary which weighs 36 tons. Another in Mexico weighs 50 tons. Buried deep in the earth in Arizona is an immense meteoric mass so large that plans have been made to mine it for the iron it contains. In striking the earth it caused a depression about a mile in diameter.

* * *

SCIENTISTS HAVE TRACED the course of a gigantic meteor which fell in Siberia many years ago. The violent wind caused by its passage leveled forests for hundreds of miles. Fortunately it fell in territory practically uninhabited, otherwise it would have caused great loss of life.

* * *

WHILE STORIES OF ATTACK by beings from another world may be dismissed as fantastic, it is quite within the possibilities that some day radio will carry news of havoc wrought by some unwelcome visitor from the sky, guided by no purpose, but moving in obedience to one of nature's inexorable laws. Such a catastrophe cannot be foreseen, nor can any adequate provision be made against it. Worrying about it can do no good, therefore, why worry?

LEADING UP GRADUALLY to the full explanation of sources from which money is to be obtained to pay increased pensions,



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Governor Langer offers a tentative suggestion or two. An additional gas tax, he thinks, might do the trick. Or a substantial sum could be raised by increased liquor taxes. It is said that two hobos, camping in the jungle, discussed ways

and means for getting the next meal. Said one: "We might have ham and eggs — if we only had some ham." "Yes," said the other, "If we had some eggs."

* * *

UNDOUBTEDLY, AS THE governor says, ways could be found to finance the pension plan without levying an additional tax on any farm or home. But it isn't the farms and homes that are taxed, but the people who own them, and every dollar is paid into the treasury of the state, no matter in what form the tax is levied, must be taken from the earnings of the people. A tax on gasoline is paid by the people, just as surely as a tax on farms or homes.

* * *

GASOLINE TAXES WERE levied originally in order to finance road construction and maintenance, a most appropriate and equitable arrangement. But in many states the temptation to divert gasoline taxes to other purposes proved too strong to be resisted, and because highway funds were being depleted the federal government required from the states a guarantee that there should be no such diversion as a condition requisite to further federal grants for highway purposes. North Dakota is now operating under such an arrangement.

* * *

AT THE PRESENT TIME, According to a statement from the highway department, North Dakota's highway construction funds are exhausted, and no more contracts will be let until more money is paid in. With careful management the state's highway program can be continued next year but if we begin to dip into gasoline tax funds for other purposes we shall be cut off from federal funds and our whole road program must be suspended.

* * *

ROGER BABSON CALLS Attention to the political use which is being made of various easy pension plans and to the manner in which politicians of all parties and all factions are either endorsing such plans outright or permitting it to be believed that they are ready to support him. The tragedy of it is that multitudes of sincere and well-meaning people are being misled into the belief that the impossible can be performed. Men who know better are afraid to stand up and express themselves squarely and honestly on the subject because of the probability that they will lose some votes. Democracy is a better form of government than any other that has been devised, but its operation is a long way from perfect.

* * *

I HAVE NOT TALKED WITH any local person who heard that broadcast of the alleged Martian invasion of the earth on Sunday evening. Most of my friends seem to have been listening to Charlie McCarthy. But the broadcast was

heard by many thousands, and quite opposite opinions concerning it have been expressed. There are those who maintain that it was a shameful performance, such as ought not to be permitted, while others deride the credulity of those who were scared into fits by it.

* * *

WHILE IT IS CLEAR THAT none of the persons responsible for the broadcast intended or expected the results which followed, it seems quite clear that the drama was cast and presented in a form which should not go over the air. Granted that the performance could affect injuriously only the nervous, the timid, and, let us say, the superstitious, there should be proper regard, even in broadcasting, for the sensibilities of such persons, of whom there are many. Moreover, the use of actual place names and the actual titles of important public officials tended to create a strong impression of realism. That performance having turned out to be a hoax, if the practice should become general, what would be the public reaction to a broadcast describing such a tragedy as that which befell New England when a great hurricane swept in without warning from the sea, the first occurrence of its kind in that locality in more than a century?

* * *

THE COMMUNICATIONS commission is properly cautious in its approach to the subject, realizing that drastic or precipitate action now might commit the commission to a species of censorship which the whole country would resent. My guess is that the radio concerns themselves, realizing that a mistake injurious to themselves has been made, will voluntarily take steps to guard against repetition of the error.

* * *

WHILE FRIENDS OF PRESIDENT Roosevelt are claiming for him credit for bringing about the Munich conference, whose terms of settlement are so distasteful to the president himself, a story comes from Berlin that Hitler's hard-boiled attitude immediately preceding the conference was due to the advice of an astrologer whom the dictator is said to consult regularly. According to this story Hitler was told prior to his Nuenberg speech of September 12 that on September 27 the Astral bodies would be in a favorable position for the annexation of Czechoslovakia or such other important enterprise as Hitler might wish to undertake. It was this, says the dispatch, that gave Hitler confidence and induced him to press his demands to the very verge of war.

* * *

IN THIS CONNECTION IT IS interesting to note that in a current magazine article Jules Sauerwein, writing from Paris, and presenting character sketches of the "Big Four" of Europe, Chamberlain, Daladier, Mussolini and Hitler, describes the first three as realists, but Hitler as a dreamer and mystic. It is said that during the weeks preceding Munich, while generals, economists and others around him tried to persuade him that war would be suicidal for Germany, Hitler refused to listen. He had supreme faith in his own destiny and would not turn back even though the world were involved in ruin. If that estimate of Hitler is correct he is one of the most dangerous men that the world has ever known. The sane man will listen to reason, but the mystic, with his head in the clouds, is beyond the reach of influences which appeal to ordinary mortals.

ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR of all chinaware designs is the famous Willow pattern which was once familiar in the tableware of our grandmothers. For a time it was



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almost forgotten, but in recent years it has been revived, and copies of it are now seen everywhere.

Back of the design is an interesting bit of Chinese folklore. It is said that in one of the early dynasties a hard-hearted mandarin forbade the marriage of his daughter to the youth of her

choice. The lovers eloped, taking with them the mandarin's jewels. The mandarin pursued them, brandishing his two-edged sword, but the lovers escaped across a bridge and into a boat. Because they cannot eat the jewels they seemed doomed to starvation on a willow-tree island, but the kind gods took pity on them and changed them into turtle-doves, in which form they lived happily. In the willow pattern are seen the mandarin's mansion, the bridge and stream, the willows and the loving turtle-doves, with other features of the ancient romance.

* * *

ALL OF THAT BELONGS TO the long ago. It has not been repeated exactly in modern life, but a few weeks ago there occurred in China an incident which recalled the old love story. Young Pan Pih-cheng and his wife, both deeply patriotic, decided that the youth's father, a wealthy merchant, should donate 4,000,000 Chinese dollars to Chiang Kai-shek's war chest. The old gentleman refused, point blank. Not a dollar would he pay. Thereupon the young people began a hunger strike, indignantly declaring that unless the money were paid they would starve themselves to death and leave the family without an heir. That was more than the old fellow could stand. He compromised on a million and a half, which is the equivalent of 225,000 American dollars. The young people relented and resumed eating, and the merchant again

has hopes that the family will not become extinct.

* * *

AN ARTICLE CLIPPED FROM an Aberdeen paper voices the protest of a South Dakota pioneer farmer against the indifference of the department of agriculture to what he believes is the only successful method of combating the grasshopper plague. This farmer, E. L. Senn, of Deadwood, says that in the early years South Dakota farmers raked the refuse from their fields into windrows along the sides in which young hoppers by the million took refuge in the spring. The rubbish was then burned, and with it the hoppers.

* * *

THAT TOOK CARE OF A large proportion of the newly hatched insects. For the rest, culture of a fungus fatal to grasshoppers was obtained, propagated in large quantities in damp cellars through the winter, and placed in the spring under refuse where large numbers of grasshoppers had congregated. The fungus was carried from one insect to another, and most of the pests were destroyed. Many farmers used hopperdozens to catch the few that were left.

* * *

MR. SENN'S CONTENTION IS that during periods of normally wet weather enough of this fungus remains in the soil to take care of the grasshoppers, but that it is destroyed during protracted drouths such as have characterized recent years.

* * *

ONE FEATURE OF THE grasshopper plague which was especially noticeable last year was the invasion of fields where none of the insects had been hatched by swarms from other territory. Those were adult insects, not of the type usually classed as migratory, which, having exhausted the food on their home grounds, had taken to the air in search of fresh pastures. In this feature is presented one of the most troublesome problems of grasshopper control.

* * *

IN A SURVEY MADE A YEAR or so ago it was discovered that there was not then one newspaper editor in prison in the United States, newspaperdom being the only profession not represented. Yet there are those who contend that newspaper people lack skill and intelligence!

A COPY OF THE IRISH IN-
dependent, of Dublin, has inter-
ested me for the last half-hour.
The paper is described as "Ire-



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land's National
Newspaper,
which I have no
doubt it is. The
number received
is labeled "Spe-
cial Extra," and
I judge it to be
an extra issued
to give the result
of the drawings
for the recent
sweepstakes, as
several pages are
filled with lists
of winners in the
drawings. I as-
sume, therefore,

* * *

THERE IS GIVEN, AMONG
other things, a list of geological
areas with the number of persons
in each holding winning tickets.
The United States heads this list
with 628 winners. "Europe" comes
next with 277. Evidently this in-
cludes England, Wales and Scot-
land, and those countries do not ap-
pear separately. Canada has 106
winners, and Ireland is next with
62. The rest are scattered. As the
number of winners in a country are
presumably proportioned closely to
the number of tickets sold in that
country, it appears that Americans
are contributing more than half of
the money that goes into the
sweepstakes fund, as against about
6 per cent contributed by the Irish
themselves. Which makes it nice
for the Irish.

* * *

IN A PARAGRAPH RELATING
to the hospitals supported by this
lottery it is said that when the war
scare was at its height, as one of
its precautionary measures the
British government was preparing
for the hospitalization in home ter-
ritory of casualties at the rate of
50,000 a day which suggests rather
impressively one of the grim ac-
complishments of war. Multiply
50,000 by the number of days that
a great war might be expected to
last.

* * *

ASIDE FROM ITS LIST OF
sweepstakes winners the contrast
between the Dublin paper and the
typical American newspaper is
striking. As with Old-World papers
generally, the front page is given
over entirely to advertising. Ad-

vertising was banished from the
front pages of most American
papers a generation ago.

* * *

ONE PICTURE CARRIED BY
the Independent, which would be
regarded by most of us here as a
relic of very old times, but which
across the water is very much up
to the minute, is that of the Na-
tional Sheep Dog Trials in which
a shepard dog is seen herding a
flock of sheep. Those trials are
annual features in Ireland, Eng-
land and Scotland and there is
keen competition for the prizes
awarded. The tests are made ac-
cording to rigid rules and awards
are made on smoothness of per-
formance and on the time required
by the dog, under instruction from
his master, who stands at a dis-
tance, to assemble a scattered flock
guide a flock into a pen, separate
an individual from the flock and
so on. The blue ribbon winner in
such a contest becomes an heir-
loom to be treasured by genera-
tions of the owner's family.

* * *

I WAS INTERESTED, TOO, IN
a column on one of the classified
advertising pages devoted to gar-
den plants, material and equip-
ment. There by the dozens are
little advertisements of a few lines
each offering for sale choice seeds,
bulbs, shrubs, as well as garden
tools and other such material.
Such a line of advertising would
not appear except in a city whose
people are devoted to gardening.
I should suppose, therefore, that in
summer Dublin must be gay with
beautiful flowers.

* * *

THE INDEPENDENT IS
printed in English, except for one
or two small sections in which the
language is the ancient Gaelic,
which the present government is
trying hard to revive. I have of-
ten wondered about this. While
there are in Ireland many persons
who speak little but Gaelic, or
Erse, whichever one may choose to
call it, English has become the
language of most of the common
people as well as of the educated
classes. Similarly, in Wales there
are some who speak nothing but
Welsh, and in Scotland's Highlands
some who know only "the Gallis."
But in those countries as well,
English is the common language.
Aside from the increasing impor-
tance of English as a world lan-
guage, a common language seems to
have decided value to groups liv-
ing so close together and so inti-
mately related as the inhabitants
of the British isles and Ireland.

J. H. GRIFFIN, RETIRED Great Northern agent, has reached Florida, where he will spend the winter, as usual. How do I know? Because the annual stream of



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marked papers has set in. Indeed, it started before Jim got to Florida, because while he was on the way he remembered me with a local paper or two. Now that he is safely in winter quarters at Bradenton, Florida, comes a copy of the St. Petersburg Times. Good

old Jim! St. Petersburg is quite a town, and The Times is quite a paper. It is the paper on which W. L. Straub, formerly of The Grand Forks Herald, served as editor for many years, and where he is still active, to the best of my knowledge. Forty-odd years ago Straub contracted the habit of going to Florida for the winter. He went to Florida because of the warm climate and the good fishing and because newspapers were liberally supplied with transportation in exchange for advertising.

* * *

ST. PETERSBURG, JUST across the bay from Tampa, was a waterside hamlet and Straub settled down there because the fishing was good and living was cheap. The village had a little weekly paper which was barely existing, and Straub, who had made a few dollars on some town lots, bought the paper for a song, just to have something with which to amuse himself when he couldn't fish. Then the boom struck. The village became a city, and a syndicate bought The Times, Straub retaining an interest and the editorship. It's a dozen years since I saw him, and then he was rugged and prosperous looking, and as crazy about fishing as ever.

* * *

A FEATURE OF THE CURRENT issue of The Times is its list of qualified voters, published just before election. This is an official publication, occupying seven pages or 56 columns of the newspaper. The names are listed by precincts, and in this number 19 precincts are covered. As there are 71 precincts in the county, the entire publication, at the same rate, would fill something like 220 newspaper columns. The names are accompanied by no street addresses or other identifying marks and are printed one name to a line, the

simplest possible kind of composition. Pretty soft for the official paper, I'll say!

* * *

ST. PETERSBURG HAS BEEN considering the installation of voting machines and an editorial in The Times gives some estimates of their probable cost. I don't remember seeing such an estimate before. According to the statements made the machines can be bought or rented, the cost to the city being about the same. If rented the cost is about \$125 per year each, and the city can buy at any time, applying any rental to the purchase price. In any event it appears that the city would own the machines outright in about 11 years.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT WHO prefers that her name be withheld writes:

* * *

"IN A LATE COPY OF THE Herald, in the Emily Post Column I found something that I do not like, and I take issue with Emily Post in her advice to a young matron. This young matron was asking for advice in regard to afternoon parties, for her friends. And Emily Post gave this advice—You can always give a cocktail tea, which is the simplest party possible to give.

* * *

"EMILY POST SEEMS TO FORGET that there is still a very large number of our good old American families left who do not need the fillip of a cocktail to inspire them to intelligent conversation, and scintillating wit. I have attended some very brilliant and interesting parties, where real Americans enjoyed the give and take of intelligent conversation, and never a cocktail in sight. If you might embody this idea in a part of your column some day, I shall be very grateful. We need expressions from the other side of the question, and I know from your column that cocktails are not a necessary part of your mental equipment."

* * *

THE CORRESPONDENT IS right. I assume that when Emily Post mentioned cocktail parties she had in mind alcoholic cocktails. A party where only tomato cocktails were served would scarcely be called a cocktail party. Personally, I have no objection whatever to alcoholic cocktails, within reason. But we have dropped into the habit of treating drinks as if they were the real feature of the party. Sometimes they are, but in such cases the less said about the parties the better. And it is a fact, as the correspondent suggests, that there are whole multitudes of intelligent people who have delightful parties without the aid of alcohol in any form.

USUALLY ONE DOESN'T EXPECT to find a college professor's wife an authority on hog-killing. Still, one never can tell. The occasion for that apparently pointless remark lay



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in the reading of an article on hog-killing time in Kentucky in The New York Times magazine. My attention was attracted to the article by the picture of a man dipping boiling water from a great kettle suspended over an open fire and the inscription which

said something

about hog butchering. The picture had a sort of homey look, and I glanced over the article. It started like this:

* * *

"MIXED WITH THE COOL, frosty air and the piercing smudge of burning wood and leaves, now is borne to the wayfarers of Kentucky a rich, tangy aroma of sage, of pepper and of that indescribable mouth-watering odor of fresh hog meat."

* * *

THAT HAD ME GOING, AND I read it all. Then I wondered what author in these days was able to write so accurately and colorfully of one of the institutions of my boyhood which I thought had been abolished in the turning of the world the other side up. At the top of the article I found the author's name—Frances Jewel McVey, of Lexington, Kentucky. And, unless there is a curious and improbable duplication of names, the lady is the wife of Dr. Frank L. McVey, former president of the University of North Dakota, and for about 20 years past, president of the University of Kentucky at Lexington. Checking up I found that several years after the death of the Mrs. McVey whom we remembered in Grand Forks, Dr. McVey married Frances Jewell, of Lexington. So that's that.

* * *

HOWEVER SHE CAME BY the information, Mrs. McVey knows her hog-killing. And she has caught the real spirit, which a mere writer couldn't do. That requires a touch of genius. The picture which she draws is true to life, and the fact that I, a non-Kentuckian, can recognize all its details, is a demonstration of the universality of some of the richest experiences and of the truth of the statement that one touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

MRS. McVEY DEALS DEFTLY with her subject. The actual slaughtering is passed over lightly, as is proper, but one can smell the smoke from the fire under the kettle, which, as she says, after being used for making soap or boiling down sorghum, is scoured with lye and used for rendering lard, and can watch the varied processes of cooling, cutting up, curing and smoking.

* * *

IT APPEARS THAT IN KENTUCKY the making of sausage is, as it should be, one of the important features of the hog-killing season, which, of course, is the fall or early winter. I notice that mention is made of backbones, which leads me to believe that the Kentucky practice is similar to that in which I was reared, namely, to cut out the backbone, with the meat belonging to it, yielding a strip the entire length of the animal and four inches or more wide. That portion we called the chine, and cut into chunks of appropriate length, it made delicious roasts. Splitting the backbone has always seemed to me a crude, not to say vulgar, practice.

* * *

WITH KENTUCKY FARMERS, too, hog-killing time has its pleasant social aspects. Not only are portions of sausage and various tidbits distributed among the neighbors, but the neighbors are invited in to partake. The inner man is refreshed and his soul expanded. In my own experience liver, buried in onions and tied up in the "net" which surrounds the stomach, was one of the choice viands on such occasions. Mrs. McVey doesn't mention that. Perhaps that's where I'm one up on Kentucky. She mentions the jowls, which go well with beans and are the basis of pot likker, but she does not refer to smoked cheeks, which, I can assure her, are excellent eating.

* * *

SAUSAGE, OF COURSE, IS one of the choice products of the season, and we are told of one sausage maker who is still using the recipe for seasoning which was brought by his great-great-grandfather from Virginia to Kentucky 150 years ago. Headcheese, too, is still made by people who know how to make it, although that has become a lost art in many parts of the country. As I read that article and learned that some, at least, of the institutions of our sturdy forefathers are still cherished, in Kentucky, and possibly elsewhere, I was cheered by the thought that democracy itself may be destined to survive, after all.

ELECTION RETURNS IN North Dakota are collected and distributed with much greater rapidity now than was the rule only a few years ago. Probably



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this is true the country over, but it is especially characteristic of this and other large and sparsely settled states. Weather conditions affect the collection of returns, but apart from this experience and improved organization have contributed to rapidity and accuracy. Always the daily news-

papers of the state have sought to supply their readers with election information as promptly as possible, but in the earlier years each newspaper acted independently and there was little effective co-operation. There was no division of territory, and much effort was wasted in the overlapping caused by one paper seeking information in territory which could be more conveniently reached by another.

* * *

THEN THE NEWSPAPERS organized themselves into a co-operative group, and although most of them were members of The Associated Press, they conducted their election work on a basis independent of that organization. Each paper was assigned its group of counties, collecting information from them and transmitted it by wire to a central tabulating bureau.

* * *

THE ORGANIZATION THUS created by the newspapers themselves was ultimately turned over to The Associated Press and linked up with its nation-wide service. The newspapers still perform the work of collecting, and methods have been so improved that the work has been greatly speeded up.

* * *

IN THIS THERE HAS BEEN hearty co-operation from precinct election boards and county audit-

ors. Those officials have become accustomed to the requirements and almost invariably are ready to supply information promptly. In former years the need for prompt service was often not recognized, and it was not at all unusual for election boards to finish their count and go home without reporting to anyone.

* * *

THERE HAS BEEN A change, too, in the character of the returns from geographical areas. The Nonpartisan league dominated the western part of the state. An hour's difference in time, and distance of many of the polling places from telephones slowed up the returns from that section. Therefore, it was quite certain that any majority shown in the early returns for candidates opposed to the league would be whittled down rapidly and consistently as the western votes were reported.

* * *

IN SOME MEASURE THAT condition continues, but it has been materially modified. Divisions within the league itself have impaired the political solidarity of the western counties. In the recent election Senator Nye, supported by what has been known as the "independent" group, not only received good majorities in eastern counties, but his majority increased, or at least was not diminished by returns from the west.

* * *

WEATHER AFFECTS THE size of the vote cast and the rapidity with which returns are received. In 1918, the Armistice year, a storm swept the state at election time. Lines of communication were broken and western communities were isolated. On election night few election returns from the state were available, and it was a full week before some of the election officials dug themselves out of the snow and reported at their county seats. Roads are better now, and there are more telephone lines, so that we are less dependent on the weather than we were. However, the excellent weather on election day and the day following helped materially in the work of getting a prompt and complete picture of the North Dakota election.

SOME CURIOUS THINGS happen at an election. For instance, Downey, of California, author of the "ham-and-eggs" pension plan, goes to the senate, but the voters reject his pension plan. On the other hand, North Dakota voters refuse to send Langer to the senate, but give their enthusiastic endorsement to his pension plan. That leaves North Dakota with an orphan pension plan on its hands, as one woman voter rather aptly put it. If we could pass our pension plan on to California that might even things up.



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* * *

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, veteran Kansas editor, thinks that the one dead sure thing that shines out of this election is that Franklin Roosevelt has failed to weld the wrangling minorities of this Democratic victory of '36 into a liberal party. But, he writes: "Liberalism is not dead, even if Roosevelt as a leader may be done. The Liberals have two alternatives: They can follow Roosevelt into a fizzling, noisy, futile third party in 1940 and get licked as we were trounced who followed Theodore Roosevelt into the Bull Moose revolt. Or the liberals can go back into their own parties. There they can fight, the winning fight that has slowly moved their country forward since the turn of the century."

Summing up the result Mr. White said that it was not a rebuke to liberalism, but it was "a rebuke to lending and spending. It was a rebuke to the blatant effort to forge a national Tammany, using the votes of a regimented, class-conscious proletariat to win elections."

* * *

THIS BEING A FREE COUNTRY, after a manner of speaking, we may use considerable latitude in our choice of words, especially words that apply to ourselves and our several projects. We may call ourselves "liberals," or "progressives," no matter how illiberal or unprogressive the things we advocate. And there is no statute against calling Mr. Roosevelt's plan for debauching the supreme court a "reform" measure. Neither can a highwayman be penalized for calling himself a "social reformer." We have been applied to life in this country a rather feeble imitation of the goose-stepping which has set Europe a-tremble, but I have not heard of Herr Hitler calling himself a "liberal." And some of the schemes proposed by so-called "liberals" have their parallel in others originating in the minds of persons who, for their own safety and that of the public, are confined in public institutions such as that at Jamestown. However, we do not call those latter persons "liberals." We have another name for them.

* * *

TO WHAT EXTENT IS THE pulpit an index of social conditions? I have in my library a book containing several excerpts from sermons preached by eminent clergymen many years ago. Occasionally I read them, and I admire their sonorous passages and the sublime thought that appears in some of them. The pul-

pit was occupied by some great orators. Running through all of those selections is the thought of the glory and majesty of God and the Imperative need to flee from the wrath to come. The hearer is urged to take steps for the salvation of his own soul, and nowhere in this list do I find anything about man's attitude toward his fellow man.

* * *

IT IS A FACT THAT DURING the century or so covered by those excerpts, and for a much longer period, spokesmen of the church concerned themselves largely with questions of abstract theology and with the problem of individual escape from damnation. There were disputes over Catholicism versus Protestantism, Calvinism versus Arminianism and the established church versus the dissenting bodies. And where the individual is concerned one gets the impression of a frantic struggle on a sinking ship with not enough life-preservers to go around.

* * *

TODAY PULPIT ELOQUENCE hears little of theological controversy. There are few sermons in which the sinner is terrified into repentance by being held, "hair-hung and breeze-shaken," over the bottomless pit. The major appeal is for the development of that spirit of which the Golden Rule is the expression. The pulpit seems to have achieved a social consciousness of which there is little evidence in its utterances of some generations ago.

* * *

YET IN THOSE EARLIER years there was social injustice. There were harsh taskmasters engaged in enriching themselves by draining the lives of the overworked and underfed. Children were born and lived in hovels unfit for cattle and grew to maturity without education and ignorant of the common decencies of life. Perhaps the pulpit was not altogether silent about these things, but they occupied but a small share of its attention.

* * *

WE MAY REACH OUR OWN conclusions as to the cause for these contrasting attitudes. I suspect that there are many causes. And I am quite confident that one of the most important is the changed attitude of society itself. There has been a material change for the better in our environment. The common people are better fed, better housed, better clothed, better educated than their forefathers ever dreamed of being and they enjoy in larger measure those advantages which are possible only with increased leisure. Many of the things which we now recognize as intolerable abuses were once accepted as normal, and the pulpit found in them little to concern it.

* * *

I FIND IN THE PRESENT and altogether commendable solicitude of the pulpit for social justice, for human well-being here and now, not so much evidence of the awakening of the pulpit itself as evidence that society itself has awakened and that the Golden Rule has taken stronger hold on the hearts of men. However, imperfect may be the expression of that spirit, however great the distance which mankind has yet to travel, society today recognizes obligations which once were foreign to the consciousness of its members.

THOMAS C. DESMOND, ELECTED senator for one of the New York districts, is sending his secretary through the district to remove all the advertisements of his candidacy which he had posted during the campaign. That will involve for the secretary about 2,000 miles of travel. Mr. Desmond does not wish his incumbency to be marred by any contribution of his to defacement of the landscape. Perhaps Mr. Desmond has been reading this column. That's the right spirit. Now



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if Mr. Desmond will refrain in the next campaign from posting more notices he should be entitled to re-election. Some day, when the weather is right, and other conditions are favorable, and I am in the mood, I intend to make a tour of the city and collect the names of all political candidates whose advertisements were posted on public and private property in violation of law, and still remain to offend the esthetic sense of our people. I figure that those names, properly displayed, will fill the greater part of this column.

* * *

F. C. FALKENSTEIN, OF BOTTEINEAU, whose letter has remained on a side-track for some time, sends a clipping of an article on the pioneer settlement of Frog Point, which is reproduced from the North Dakota Guide Book, published as a WPA project. Mr. Falkenstein is not certain as to the location of Frog Point, whether it is toward Fisher or in the direction of Fargo. Frog Point, whose name, as the Guide Book says, has been changed to Belmont, is on the Red river, about halfway between Grand Forks and Fargo.

* * *

THE "POINT" IS SAID TO have been given its name in 1860 when Captain Sam Painter, with a party of 300 soldiers, while en route to Walla Walla, Washington, made camp there after crossing the river. When the soldiers took their horses down to the river to drink

they found the ground so covered with frogs that it was almost impossible to take a step without treading on them. Next morning before leaving they drove two sticks into the ground and attached a bit of board bearing the inscription "Frog Point." I have my doubts about the statement that along the Atlantic seaboard, and even in Europe, Frog Point was regarded as a thriving metropolis, with tall church spires and humming industries. Some of the eastern notions about western settlements were pretty wierd, but they didn't go quite that far.

* * *

HOWARD BIGGAR, OF RIVERSIDE, Ill., writing to The Chicago Tribune concerning The Tribune article characterizing North Dakota as a single-crop state, says:

* * *

"I WAS RAISED IN SOUTH Dakota. As associate editor of The Dakota Farmer, published at Aberdeen, I made many trips to North Dakota in search of farm feature stories. For years I have noted that North Dakota is much more than simply a wheat growing state.

* * *

"DID YOU KNOW THAT LAST year there were produced on North Dakota farms almost 2 billion pounds of milk and that the 90 creameries of the state made about 44 million pounds of butter? Did you know that one of the oldest dairy breeding circuits in the United States has been functioning for years at New Salem, N. D.? Did you know that for more than 20 years the most intensive trials in beef pasture investigations in the country have been carried on at Mandan, N. D.?"

* * *

ON JANUARY 1, THIS YEAR, there were 1,220,000 head of cattle on North Dakota farms and more than 500,000 dairy cows. Last year North Dakota farmers sold nearly 25 million dollars' worth of cattle, hogs, and sheep.

* * *

"NORTH DAKOTA IS SECOND among all states in the production of flax and in some years the state has harvested more than 4 million acres of corn, flax, oats, and barley. Last year the sales of sheep from North Dakota farms totaled about 3 million dollars."

I ENJOYED A CALL A FEW days ago from a man of whom I have often read, but whom I had not met until that time, George



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the impression of wiriness, he might easily be taken for a man somewhere along in the sixties. In Grand Forks he visits a son, Earl Mennie, a local resident, and on those occasions there are four generations of the family present.

* * *

BORN IN WISCONSIN, MR. Mennie served with Union armies in the Civil War. He knows of only one other survivor of that war now living in North Dakota. During the war he supposed that he was a soldier. His job was driving an ammunition wagon, and in that capacity he partook of experiences common to the life of a soldier. On two occasions which he recalls, down in Arkansas, his outfit was cut off from communication and from supplies, once for eight days and once for seven days. They lived on what they could pick up around them, and the picking was anything but good. At the close of the war, however, Mr. Mennie learned to his surprise that he had not been a soldier, but a civilian, having enlisted, or contracted to serve as a teamster. Among other things, he was not entitled to a pension, which he didn't mind much, but which seemed mysterious. It was one of the peculiarities of war, which is chuck full of them.

* * *

FOR 38 YEARS MR. MENNIE has farmed near Bottineau. He owns several farms, and, though he has moved into town, he keeps close watch of the farming operations and often attends in person to escorting a car of stock to mar-

ket 400 miles away. He has demonstrated that small fruits can be grown in profusion in North Dakota, and his strawberry and raspberry gardens are noteworthy.

* * *

AMONG HIS VARIED ACTIVITIES Mr. Mennie is an enthusiastic hunter and fisherman. For several years he has been the first hunting license to be issued in Bottineau county, and this year he got his limit of game the first day out. Earlier in the season he takes little jaunts into Canada to a lake some 300 miles north where the fish bite well.

* * *

HE DRIVES AN AUTOMOBILE, of course. He drove a Model T Ford so long that handling it becomes second nature, and when he changed to a car with standard gear shift he forgot himself and wrecked the car and broke one of his own ribs. But he soon mastered the new gear shift and now he drives wherever and as far as he likes. Not long ago he was a passenger on an automobile trip to the west coast.

* * *

HE HAS TAKEN A LIVELY interest in politics all his life, and he was one of the early presidential electors chosen in North Dakota. I neglected to learn in what year that vote was cast. He intended while here to attend the old-time dance in East Grand Forks, and I suppose he did. He expects to live as long as John D. Rockefeller did. I hope he will, but anyway, he's having a lot more fun than Rockefeller had.

* * *

THE COMPANY HASN'T warmed up yet to mathematical puzzles. T. O. Dokken of Buxton is the only person to send in a solution of the problem which was presented some time ago, which ran:

A grandfather is 10 times as old as his grandson. Fourteen years hence he will be four times as old as the grandson. How old is each? Mr. Dokken says 70 and 7 years respectively, which is correct.

* * *

MR. DOKKEN ALSO SENDS in one of his own which is:

A farmer bought 20 bushels of wheat and 15 bushels of corn for \$36.00, and 15 bushels of wheat and 25 bushels of corn for \$32.50. What did he pay per bushel for each?

Try that on your slate.

TODAY I AM TURNING OVER the column to J. J. Mealy, of Reynolds, whose observations on the Irish language, lotteries and some other matters have interested me,



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as I am sure they will interest others. They were prompted by my own comment on the same subjects some days ago. Mr. Mealy writes:

"Your remarks in Wednesday's Herald are most interesting and thought provoking. To many it does seem odd that the government of Eire (Ireland) which

has made decided efforts to make Gaelic the national language, should even allow any publisher (who prints most of his paper in English!) to use the sub-title "Ireland's National Newspaper." Since Mr. DeValera's party came into power and took over the government of this ancient land, the minister of education has labored to revive Gaelic and make its use as common as when Eire was ruled by her own kings.

* * *

"HOWEVER, THERE ARE forces in our modern world that seem to care little for sentiment or the hopes or wishes of any individual. Some years ago, after the ministry of education had made courses in Gaelic compulsory in the schools, he received numerous petitions from school officials and parents asking that many of the courses be dropped. The reasons given were briefly these: They stated that for the majority of students the common use of Gaelic was quite unnecessary; that for many it was more difficult to learn than English; and finally that many forgot it almost as soon as they had learned it, therefore it was a waste of the student's effort. This, no doubt, made the English smile.

* * *

"AS YOU HAVE STATED, THE contrast between the Irish newspaper (indeed most all Old-World newspapers!) and our American newspaper is most striking. Not only is their makeup so different, but even in provincial papers the editors use meticulous language in describing commonplace community occurrences. Language that our busy American editors would seldom condescend to use.

* * *

"IN EIRE, GAELIC HAS BEEN made the official language. Its use is compulsory in the courts, and in the printing of state documents and communications. I believe that eventually Eire will tolerate a bilingual system such as prevails in Canada. In our own country (in New Mexico) we allow the use of the Spanish language in schools and courts without any appreciable harm to our national integrity. To me, it seems only another phase of the slow process of evolution. We are certainly moving toward a world-language, at least for trade and communication. No race or nation need have any fear of it.

* * *

"WE HAVE A SPLENDID illustration of this in the history of two great races, the Hebrew and the Irish. Both were originally confined by nature to a small geographical area. Both races were small compared with their powerful neighbors. For a long time they were under the political and economic domination of other peoples. Both races held to a religion and ideals unpopular with other nations and suffered long persecution for them. Often their civil liberty was restricted and induce-

ments were offered them to abandon the language, religion, and customs of their ancestors.

* * *

"THESE RACES, WHEN given civil liberty and equal educational opportunities have produced more leaders in religion, science, and the arts than any race on earth. Thus, no people need fear of losing their national identity on account of their language being prescribed, or by its being displaced by a language more adapted to the rapid changes of our modern scientific world. We have accepted Latin as the language of the scholar (regardless of race), of Science, Theology, and the Law Courts. Yet, no one is alarmed, or protests. English itself is a borrowing from other tongues and if it eventually becomes the common world-language, it may serve well when England, like imperial Rome, even from her grave of glory, still rules the majestic world!

* * *

"AS TO LOTTERIES, THE instinct to take a chance or to speculate seems deeply ingrained in the character of the race. It appears both among the most primitive peoples, and among the most cultured. In the early years of our country, the proceeds of lotteries were used to build churches and schools and endow colleges. In the smaller countries, and others not naturally endowed with riches as our own, they are tolerated as a source of state revenue.

* * *

"IN LATE YEARS MANY prominent people have advocated the legalizing of a national lottery by our government. The movement makes but little headway, and I suppose like all reforms, it will come about slowly. A huge amount of money leaves our country each year, and a very small percentage of it ever returns. I'm sure a goodly portion of our people favor a national lottery as a painless form of taxation. I would also suggest that participation be limited to citizens of the United States and its possessions, thus keeping all the money for the up-building of our own land.

* * *

"UNTIL WE DECIDE TO TURN this out-going stream to our own benefit, we pay a portion of the expenses of several foreign governments. Even in the Utopia that science promises to one day create for us, we may be sure people will spend a portion of their leisure (and a like portion of whatever passes for currency!) in games of chance. Rich and blessed as our country is, the time must surely come when we cannot throw away each year a sum that could pay the entire running expenses of a small country. Our Irish friends have the right idea. They are shrewd and sensible. Right now we could use a few endowed hospitals in North Dakota, and any additional revenue would be "caid mille failthe, a thousand times welcome!

* * *

MR. MEALY REFERS TO THE establishment of a national lottery as one of those "reforms" that come about slowly. The use of the term "reform" in this connection may be questioned. Historically such a step would be a reversion to the practices of former generations which were largely abandoned for what was believed to be the good of society. Like other get-rich-quick schemes, a lottery produces nothing. It collects from the many to distribute among the few. To the extent that it ministers solely to the spirit of sport it is harmless. But to the extent that it simulaes he passion for achievement of wealth without effort it is a demoralizing influence. The latter tendency is inseparable from lotteries offering substantial money prizes.

A CORRESPONDENT WRITES to call attention to the fact that during the sounding of "taps" in the Armistice day exercises scarcely any hats were removed by the



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men among the onlookers. It is unfortunately true that we lack greatly in observing the forms of reverence on such occasions. Standing at attention during the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner," uncovering the head in respectful salute to the flag, and making a gesture of reverence during the sounding of "taps," may not be conclusive as to the patriotism or real reverence of the individual. But quiet observance of such forms in itself serves to direct thought into proper channels and to develop the spirit befitting the occasion.

* * *

LOCALLY OUR FIRST SNOW fell on November 13, but nearly a week earlier, on November 7, they had a storm which is described as the worst ever known by residents there. A bridal party started out from Elstow at 8 A.M. to drive to Blucher, 16 miles distant, to have the marriage ceremony performed at the Blucher manse, but this time it was the minister and not the bride or groom who was kept waiting. It took the party fifteen and three-quarters hours to make the trip. Because of deep drifts no attempt was made to use automobiles on the trip, and horses were used instead. One horse fell in the deep snow and the journey was completed on foot. Reversing the usual procedure, the party was taken home in a gravel truck. It used to be that when a car stalled horses were brought to the rescue.

* * *

MRS. FRED MILLER OF ROLA writes:

"Your paragraph regarding willow ware brings to memory a

verse which I learned as a child in England. I was told—whether it is true or not, I do not know—that if the things and people mentioned in the poem were found on the chinaware it was supposed to be genuine willow ware. Here is the verse:

* * *

Two birds flying high,
Little ship passing by,
Three men, not four,
Willow tree hanging o'er;
Apple tree, all in bloom,
In this plate there's lots of room.

* * *

"IN THESE DAYS OF WONDERFUL imitations it is doubtful if the verse could be applied with any hope of indicating the value of the china unless it were of a ripe old age."

* * *

C. A. BELL CALLED ME UP bright and early to tell me the answer to that little problem about the price of wheat and corn. He had the right answer, but I shall not divulge it at this time. Let the others figure on it for a while. Mr. Bell had many years of experience in handling grain, and may be classed as an expert. In such cases I think professionals should be handicapped, if anyone can figure out a way to do it.

* * *

DR. WILLIAM B. THOMAS OF Jamestown college, conducts a column in The Jamestown Sun, and in a recent issue he comments on the dirge-like quality of much of the poetry that was written some generations ago. That quality is conspicuous in many of the old hymns, also in many of the songs which once were popular. As examples of the latter we have such songs as "Nellie Gray," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Black Joe," "Annie Lisle," and "Ben Bolt," to mention just a few. Death and bereavement seem to have weighed heavily on the spirits of the songwriters. Poe's poems are full of gloom, and Poe himself wrote that he considered the death of a beautiful woman the finest possible subject for poetic expression.

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON, famous naturalist, proposes that the greater part of the prairie states be returned to the Indians, to whom, he says, the territory be-



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would be glad to sell to the government. Funny, isn't it, how people get that way?

J. B. S., WHO IS NOT A PROFESSIONAL, sends in the correct answer to the grain problem, which is that the price of wheat was \$1.50 a bushel and of corn 40 cents. That problem must have originated along the nineteen twenties, when prices were different.

J. B. S. also submits this one:

TOM HAD SEVEN-TENTHS AS much money as Bill had. When Bill gave him a nickel he had eight-ninths as much as Bill. How much had he at first?

WAR IS BEING WAGED ON the common barberry as a means of preventing the spread of black stem rust, which damages the wheat crop. And in the timber sections they are rooting out the gooseberry and wild currant bushes because it is on these bushes that the spores of white pine blister find lodgment and are carried over from season to season. White pine blister was brought into this country from Europe on imported nursery stock. It is supposed to have originated in Asia.

RAISING TURKEYS BY RADIO is the latest thing in that growing industry. In the Imperial alley region young turkeys, once past the danger of infant mortality, are turned out to pasture and herded like sheep. Herding turkeys is a weird and lonely business. One herder tells a story of installing a radio to help pass the time. He found, however, that he could not use it in daytime, for, whether or not the turkeys thought it a voice from that other world with which they are said to hold communion, they drifted in from all corners of the ranch to listen instead of attending to their business of scratching for their food.

THE STORY FURTHER RELATES the herder began a series of tests to see what radio programs his turkeys preferred. The turkeys took no stock in such voices as Amos and Andy, and even turned a deaf ear to Walter Winchell. Instead they liked the strident tones of a typical radio soprano. They

also liked the piccolo or clarinet. The herder, being a practical man, found a new way to get his turkeys into the enclosure at night. He simply turned on his radio, giving his flock one of its favorite programs. I know of programs that I'll bet would scatter any flock of self-respecting turkeys to the four winds.

BY ALL MEANS GO TO THE New York world's fair if you have the price, but on no account go there expecting to find a job. That is the advice given to the girls of the country by Munro Leaf, who knows his way around New York, and who writes about it as follows:

"BEFORE I SOUND OFF ON this little piece of cautionary advice, I want to make one point very clear. I am all for the New York World's Fair and I am also for anybody's coming to it. From the way things are shaping up it looks as though it will present an exceptional opportunity; educational, valuable and extremely interesting to view the activities of the world of today on display. That is that, but here is something else.

"IF YOU AND YOU OR YOU, Little Girl, think here at last is that long awaited excuse to pull up the home anchor and grab a job in New York—just back up and take another long think. You are as wrong as you ever were about anything in your life.

"THE PEOPLE WHO REALLY know this city inside out, who have your interest and welfare more in their minds than you have, sit up nights worrying about the thousands of young women who are going to hit this town with that idea and find out that the thrilling adventure of it is only a miserably tough experience that won't make light, bright conversation when you do get home. Your chances of a job in connection with the fair itself are exactly zero. That is not my guess but an official statement from the powers. If you need to be told that New York employment even in normal times is hard to find, you probably can't read anyhow and never will see this.

"IF YOU DO COME TO THE World's Fair (four dollars a day to spend is a carefully arrived at minimum to enjoy yourself) don't take your information and advice from kind, unofficial volunteers. The world is not completely sour, but people who pop up to tell you where to live, etc., at a time like this probably have some idea other than that which meets the eye. There will be plenty of authorized housing bureaus and room registries that can steer you clear of gyp prices, unsanitary and unsafe conditions.

"When the time comes you can write in advance and your railroad station can tell you how and where.

"By all means come, but bring some cash and don't count on that job.

"It just ain't."

WALTER BROPHY, SAFETY engineer of the state highway department, urges the formation of school patrols to prevent the playing of children on the streets in the vicinity of the Grand Forks schools. This he urges primarily as a safety measure and also as a means of cultivating respect for constituted authority. He contrasts what he observed while driving into Grand Forks with the conditions prevailing in Bismarck, where an efficient schoolboy patrol is maintained. There are such patrols, he said, in 62 cities of North Dakota.



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vult to tell us of its desirability or to remind us that it was far from being attained in full measure.

* * *

OTHERS THAN MR. ROOSEVELT, long before he appeared on the scene, labored for what are now gratuitously assumed to be exclusively the objectives of the New Deal, and they labored to some purpose. Every American administration of which I have knowledge has sought to promote the welfare of the American people, and if for no other motive than that of enhancing his own reputation, every American president has desired to leave the nation better than he found it. Sometimes the work inspired by that desire has been unproductive because attempted with unskillful hands or directed by imperfect understanding, but the beneficent purpose has been there.

* * *

I AM QUITE CONFIDENT that Mr. Roosevelt, like each of his predecessors, wishes to improve the condition of the American people. I have no doubt of his sincerity of purpose in advocating even the most extreme of the measures which he has proposed. I feel sure that he believes it essential to the public welfare that he be given the new "instruments of power" which he has so often demanded, which he thinks that he is so competent to use, and which he feels would be so dangerous in the hands of others. I am satisfied that he thought the public welfare would be promoted by making the supreme court an agency subject to his will. I believe him to be wholly sincere in his desire to regiment industry, and agriculture, and commerce, and finance on the ground that in the conduct of their personal affairs the people need the wise guidance which he alone can supply.

* * *

I BELIEVE MR. ROOSEVELT's grand objective to be that of Hoover, and Coolidge, and Harding and Wilson, and all who went before them, the welfare of the American people. But I am equally convinced that many of the things that he believes to be good for the people are not good for them. I have no doubt that Hitler's grand objective is the creation of a greater, grander and happier Germany, and that the monstrosities of his regime are intended merely as steps toward the realization of that ideal. But I do not believe that Hitler knows what is best for Germany, nor do I believe that Roosevelt knows what is best for the United States. Therefore I become impatient when Mr. Roosevelt is assumed to have a monopoly of good intentions.

* * *

I HOPE MOST SINCERELY that the powers that be will not hook up the WPA with the armament program. There has been some talk along that line. The WPA ought to be treated as an emergency agency, with the scope of its operations reduced as greatly and as rapidly as those on its lists can find employment in private industry. If billions are to be spent on armament the work should be done efficiently and economically and in accord with the best business practices. That means that it should be done as largely as possible by private industry, freely competitive and under no restrictions save those which apply to private industry in general. To enlist the WPA in that work would tend to make permanent an institution which should be discontinued at the earliest possible date.

ALMOST EVERY DAY I drive on Belmont road, passing the two schools about opening or closing time and during intermissions. Never, by any chance, do I find the children at St. Mary's parochial school playing on the street, although they have little playing space on their own ground. The children at the Belmont school play in the street habitually and run into and across the street in pursuit of each other or of fugitive balls, without regard to approaching traffic. Daily some of them are saved from disaster only by the care and vigilance of automobile drivers.

* * *

I MENTION THOSE TWO schools because I happen to pass them every day. Those conditions are not casual or spasmodic. They are constant every day throughout every school year. The contrast is so great that it cannot escape attention, and scores of times I have heard comment made on it by others. I agree heartily with Mr. Brophy that different conditions should prevail for the sake of safety. It is also important that in their early years and from then on children be trained in respect for constituted authority. Perhaps that kind of training is more important now in this nation of ours than it has ever been before. And as I watch them day after day it seems to me that the children at St. Mary's are just as merry and full of fun, and have just as good a time, as their neighbors at the Belmont.

* * *

IT IS WITH INCREASING impatience and irritation that I read many of the current references to the "social objectives" and "humanitarian purposes" of the New Deal. Implied in much of the comment is the thought that there were no such things as social objectives or humanitarian purposes until Mr. Roosevelt discovered or invented them. And many of those who do not care for the type of government that Mr. Roosevelt represents are careful to qualify their criticisms by explaining that they approve of whatever good there is in the New Deal and are critical only of its abuses.

* * *

I TAKE IT THAT PEOPLE generally, regardless of party alignment or whether they are New Dealers or Old Dealers, are in favor of prosperity, of increased buying power, widely distributed, of a state of society in which economic security is within reach of every individual and rational comforts are available to every home. Mere self-interest makes such a condition desirable to all of us. We did not need Mr. Roose-

FURTHER SOLUTIONS TO Mr. Dokken's little grain problem have been received from Thea Lybeck of Tolna, Alvin Sondrol of Reynolds and Gerhard Aasen of Fairdale. Another correspondent sends solutions of both the grain and the age problems. In most cases the problems have been solved algebraically, but both may be solved by simple arithmetic. However, in many cases even elementary algebra helps to simplify problems which otherwise would be involved and complicated.



Davles

WHEN A YOUNGSTER IN school I learned the rules for square and cube root. Once in a long time I have had immediate practical use for the square root rule, and because it is short and simple I have remembered it. I don't recall that ever in my life I have found it necessary to extract the cube root of anything, and I forgot the rule soon after I left school. Still, if I take time enough, I can extract cube root. I know the algebraic formula for the cube of the sum of two numbers and with that I can rebuild the rule for cube root. I try it once in a while. It brings in no cash revenue, but there's a certain satisfaction in it, like being able to whistle a tune, or stand on your head.

BEFORE LEAVING THE SUBJECT of mathematics, here's an old one:

Assume the earth to be a perfect-sphere whose circumference is exactly 25,000 miles. A steel tape placed around the globe at the equator is raised uniformly 6 inches from the surface all the way around. How long is the tape line?

If you haven't seen that one before you may be surprised when you find the answer. I have known others who couldn't believe it.

THE NEW JEFFERSON NICKEL is out and quantities of the coin are being distributed. You may get yours at the bank—twenty of them for a dollar, if you have the dollar.

This is the first change in the design of the nickel in more than 25 years. The buffalo nickel was first coined in February 1913, and it has been in use ever since. Except by special act of congress the design of any particular coin may not be changed oftener than once every 25 years. Until the coinage of the Jefferson nickel there had been no change in the design of a regular coin since 1932, when congress authorized a new quarter-dollar in connection with the Washington bi-centennial.

ON THE BASIS OF DEMAND for circulation the most popular coins are in order, the one-cent piece, dime, nickel, quarter and half-dollar. The demand for dimes, pennies and nickels has increased greatly. One reason given for this is the increasing use of slot machines, which wear out coins rapidly; state and local sales taxes; social security deductions which call for payment of wages in fractional amounts, and discontinuance of many small checking accounts. To these may be added the practice of pricing goods at retail in odd amounts, as 97 cents, and \$4.98.

NO SILVER DOLLARS HAVE been coined since 1935, in which year 3,540,000 were produced. Their circulation is local and sporadic. Along the Atlantic seaboard a silver dollar is seldom seen. I was told of a sales girl in a big New York store who, being tendered a silver dollar for a purchase, applied to the office for information as to whether it was real money or not.

ON THE OTHER HAND, ONE seldom sees a dollar bill in the mountain states. In Deadwood, South Dakota, I asked a hotel clerk the reason for this. He said that in Deadwood silver dollars were preferred at the gambling tables because they handled and stacked better than paper. Take that for what it's worth.

GOLD IS NO LONGER COINED or circulated in the United States and except for occasional secret hoards the only gold coins in the hands of the public are those kept as souvenirs. All gold coins were recalled a few years ago and those received at the mints have been or are being recast into bars.

ON THURSDAY, NOV. 17, THE Fargo Forum celebrated its sixtieth anniversary. Actually the Forum, as published under that



name, is but 47 years old, having been established by Major Edwards in 1891. The Republican had been started in 1878, and when it was later absorbed by the Forum the composite paper took over the date of its older member.

* * *

AN ARTICLE

Davles in the anniversary number by H. D. Paulson, editor of the Forum, outlines the history of the paper, which is, in fact, the history of newspaperdom in Fargo, and an intricate and checkered history it is. Since 1873 Fargo has had a dozen or more newspapers, most of them dailies. Some of them passed out of existence, leaving no trace. Others were absorbed by successors or competitors, which were absorbed in turn. Now the Forum remains, the sole representative of that long period of newspaper effort.

* * *

IN 1873 THE WELLS FARGO Express company offered a bonus of \$500 for the publication of the first paper to be known as the Fargo Express. A paper bearing that name was submitted, but failed to qualify because it was printed at Glyndon, Minnesota, and merely distributed in Fargo. The next year a genuine Fargo Express was printed. Since then there have been the Mirror, Times, Independent, Argus, Forum, Call, Courier, News, Tribune, and some others. The formidable task of untangling the history of all those papers and tracing their relationship to each other has been skillfully performed by Mr. Paulson, whose article is a valuable contribution to the newspaper history of the state.

* * *

TO OLDER RESIDENTS OF Fargo, and of North Dakota in general, the Fargo Forum is associated intimately with the names

of Major A. W. Edwards and his partner, H. C. Plumley. Major Edwards started the Republican in 1878, sold his interest and started the Argus. Losing control of the Argus through foreclosure, he began publication of the Forum in partnership with Plumley in 1891 and continued in editorial charge of the paper until his retirement from newspaper work. He was a colorful personage, a gifted writer, and fully able to hold his own in the rough-and-tumble of pioneer newspaper work.

* * *

UNTIL 1917 NO NEWSPAPER in Fargo had been able to achieve much more than a hand-to-mouth existence. The forum was the leading paper of the city, but it had been continually embarrassed by financial problems. In 1917 it was acquired by the present corporation, headed by the late N. B. Black, with whom were associated his son, N. D. Black, and H. D. Paulson. Mr. Black had a background of newspaper experience in Wisconsin and had served as manager of the Grand Forks Times and later of the Herald after the merger of the two papers. Norman D. had received training as linotype operator and mechanical superintendent. Mr. Paulson had gone to Fargo from a position as city editor of the Herald to take a similar position on the Forum. The fine personality of Norman B. Black was one of the most valuable assets of the paper under its new management, and immediately the Forum entered upon a period of progress which has remained unbroken.

* * *

TODAY THE FORUM IS A metropolitan journal, with more than 100 full-time employes, occupying a splendid building, to which two stories are now being added and giving splendid service to its constituency. The position which it occupies has been earned by diligent work and wise management. It is an institution of which the city of Fargo may well be proud, and it shares with other daily newspapers of the state in the performance of indispensable service to the people of this territory. Congratulations to it on its anniversary. May the years to come be fruitful of all good things to those who guide its course.

IMPRESSED BY THE PLIGHT
of the Jews in Germany, and sym-
pathetic toward their longing for



Davies

mits the following poem:

* * *

RISE ZION OUR MOTHER.

Rise, Zion our mother, your
weeping give o'er;
Lift up now your eyes and behold
This wonderful gathering on Ja-
cob's highway
Redeemed without silver or gold.
It's the sheep who were scattered
on every high hill—
Their feet how they crimson the
sod!
Ye vales of Judea your voices up-
raise:
Prepare ye the paths of our God!
Jehovah their Shepherd He sought
them afar
Midst famine and war's fierce
alarms;
To the pastures of Kedar he bring-
eth His own,
And He beareth the lambs in His
arms.
Now Carmel and Sharon your ver-
dure renew;
Let Lebanon blessings bestow;
Shiloah's sweet waters go softly
again
For the lips that have longed for
you so.

Midst kindreds and peoples He
bringeth His own.
His covenant stands as of old;
Sore worn by the tempest and
wrought by the waves
They are glad to return to the fold.
Let the waste places bloom with
the myrtle and rose;
Bethaven give oil and the comb;
The Lord is exalted; He reigneth
as king;
The Children of Promise are home.

* * *

NOT EVERYONE IS INTER-
ested in mathematical problems or
puzzles, but interest in them is
widely distributed. Whenever I

present one I am likely to receive
replies from boys and girls on the
farms, bankers in the small towns,
merchants or professional men in
the city. There is no telling to
what group a particular problem
will appeal. I have just received a
note from a school principal with
algebraic solution of the grain
problem published a week or two
ago. The writer wasn't particularly
interested in the answer, but he
wished to see if he could apply to
it the algebra which he learned in
school. A well-known professional
man often takes time out to un-
tangle a little problem which he
finds in this column.

* * *

I SUPPOSE THE SEVERAL
questions which I have recently
published are properly to be classi-
fied as problems, not puzzles. That
is, upon the basis of the facts pre-
sented, the proper application of
reason leads inevitably to the right
conclusion. A puzzle is different.
No rule of reason governs it. Its
solution is a matter of ingenuity.
Sometimes the puzzle is more at-
tractive than the problem. Ervin
Kobe, who, with several others
gives the correct answer to the
recent money problem, sends in
this puzzle on which readers are
invited to use their wits:

USING EACH ONE OF THE
10 digits only once, arrange them
so that their sum equals 100.

* * *

A PAIR OF BEAUTIFUL BIRDS
visited our corner the other day
and spent several minutes among
the branches of the evergreens.
They were complete strangers to
me, possibly because I may not
have observed birds as closely as
I might have done. About the
length of robins, they were much
plumper, and as they perched they
looked almost like round balls.
The male had yellow breast and
back, black or dark head, with
some markings which I could not
distinguish clearly, and short, thick
beak. The lower, or outer wing
feathers were black and the upper
ones white. The female bird was
similarly marked, though her col-
ors were less conspicuous.

* * *

LOOKING OVER THE LIST OF
birds in Reed's guide I conclude
that these are evening grosbeaks,
of which Reed says:

"In certain localities they are not
uncommon, but, except in winter,
they are rare anywhere in the
United States, and east of the
Mississippi they can only be re-
garded as accidental even in win-
ter.

THERE SEEM TO BE VARIED tastes in larceny, as in many other things. An Ohio paper tells of the theft of a four hundred pound



Davies

anvil from the lawn of a resident of Mitiwan-ga, Ohio. The anvil had belonged to the owner's father and was greatly prized as an heirloom. It may have been shipped to Japan to be turned into munitions.

* * *

THE CHICAGO Tribune tells of an award of \$30,000 being made to

a railway brakeman against the owner of a truck on the ground that the brakeman was injured in a collision between the truck and a train. The trucker was held responsible.

* * *

AND THE FEDERAL COURT in Pennsylvania is being asked to award \$5,000 for a broken toe, says the lady plaintiff, when a grocery clerk dropped a can of baked beans on her foot. The husband also asks \$3,000 for medical bills and loss of his wife's services.

* * *

A GROUP OF WOMEN IN Washington, D. C., assembled in force to resist the removal of a number of Japanese cherry trees from the site on which the Jefferson memorial is to be built. Some of them shoveled earth into excavations made around the trees by workmen. Others chained themselves to trees, vowing that the chains would remain locked until they were assured that the trees would not be disturbed.

* * *

AN APPEAL TO THE PRESIDENT brought word that the site must be cleared, and the women were told by the superintendent in charge that if they remained chained they would be gently, but firmly, removed along with the trees. The obstructors bowed to the inevitable, and the work of removal proceeded.

* * *

THE CHERRY TREES ALONG the Tidal Basin have become famous. Presented years ago by Japan as a gesture of friendship, they grew and prospered. Scions from them were planted, until the entire drive has become beautiful with blossoms each spring. But the broad plans for development of the landscape seem to call for the placing of the memorial at that particular point. Therefore some trees must be removed. It is said that while two or three dozen trees are to be removed, they will be planted elsewhere, and that more than 1,000 new cherry trees are to be planted in

the spring. There seems, therefore, to be no great reason for excitement.

* * *

A CERTAIN SENTIMENTAL value attaches to particular trees, but there is no special sacredness about a tree merely because it is a tree. Some one has said that a weed is a plant in the wrong place. A tree may prove to be in the wrong place, and in that case it becomes a weed. There may be too many trees in one small area, making it impossible for any to thrive. Some should be removed for the benefit of the rest.

* * *

IT IS ALSO POSSIBLE FOR trees to stand where no trees belong. Occasionally one finds in the business section of a large city a lone tree which has been permitted to remain for some sentimental reason. It is in the wrong environment. It is deprived of the sunshine which it needs. Street pavement and concrete sidewalks divert water from its roots. Its struggle for existence is lathetic. Its ill-nourished branches and scant foliage make it an eyesore and a constant reminder of what a tree ought not to be.

Tree planting in appropriate places and under suitable conditions—by all means. Tree planting promiscuously and without regard to surroundings—no.

* * *

THE TURKEY, SPECIMENS which adorned our Thangskiving tables, and which is one of our most familiar domestic fowl, is of American origin, although it was familiar in English poultry yards when the Pilgrims left England. One of the Plymouth settlers wrote of native turkeys coming freely around the houses, as tame as those in England.

* * *

IT IS GENERALLY AGREED that the wild turkeys which the settlers at Plymouth found so numerous were different from those which they had left at home. The generally accepted version of the subject is that in North America there were two distinct varieties of turkeys, the northern, inhabiting the northwestern area, New England, Canada, and adjacent territory, and the southern, indigenous to Mexico and the southern states. The Spaniards transplanted the Mexican turkey to Europe, and during the next century it became common in England.

* * *

THE NORTHERN WILD TURKEY, we are told, became extinct, but the southern member of the family persisted, and it is now found at large in the southern states and Mexico. Domesticated turkeys were reimported from England into the colonies, and from them are descended the fowl that now appear in our markets and on our tables.

IN HIS ALWAYS INTEREST-
ing New York column on this
page Dale Harrison told the story
the other day of a Long Island
man whose basement was half



Davies

filled with water during the hurri-
cane. He rigged
up an electric
pump, started it
going, and went
off to work. When
he returned his
basement, instead
of being half full,
was full of water.
He had turned
the pump wrong
end to and it had
been pumping
water into the
basement. I was
reminded of an
experience of my own. While I was
home on one of my occasional va-
cations the village in which my
father lived was deluged by a
cloudburst and three or four feet
of water had run into the Davies
basement through a window. There
were no electric pumps, and no
other kind of pump was available.
My father and I decided to dip the
water out with buckets. Donning
the oldest clothes I could find, I
went down and began to dip, pass-
ing each pailful of water up to
father, who carried it out and
dumped it.

AFTER AN HOUR OF THIS
we found that we had lowered the
water several inches. The gain dur-
ing the next hour was less, and
during the third hour we didn't
gain at all. Evidently something
was wrong. During a brief period
of rest and recuperation, the dis-
turbance from dipping having
quieted down, we noticed a strong
current setting in from the north-
east corner of the basement. Water
was running in. Investigation dis-
closed the existence of a forgotten
drain which was plugged a short
distance from the house. The wa-
ter that had been thrown out had
followed an opening down to the
drain and run back. Thus we had
been carrying thousands—maybe
millions—of gallons of water
round and round. But it was
splendid exercise.

JOE RABINOVICH HAS A
hurricane story which goes about
like this: A long island man went

to one of the big New York jewel-
ry stores and bought a barometer,
the best they had in stock. Price
was no object: He wanted a good
one. Unpacking the barometer at
home he found that the indicator
pointed to "hurricane." He shook
the thing and jiggled it, but with-
out effect. He hung it on the wall,
hoping that it would adjust itself
properly. Still it pointed stubborn-
ly to "hurricane." The purchaser
was disgusted. He sat down and
wrote a scorching letter to the
firm, and what he said about their
having palmed off such a worthless
contraption on him was plenty. He
went off somewhere to mail the
letter, and when he got back his
house had blown away, barometer
and all.

* * *

IN A GROUP SITTING
around a luncheon table the other
day mention was made of the ac-
ceptance by Prince Olaf of Norway
and his princess of an invitation
to visit Grand Forks. Everybody
approved of it. Then it was sug-
gested that an invitation be extend-
ed to King George and Queen Eli-
zabeth to run down from Winni-
peg during their Canadian tour and
spend a week-end in Grand Forks.
That also was approved. "I won-
der," said one member of the com-
pany, "if anyone has thought of
sending an invitation to Hitler."

"Let me write it!" said Joe Rabi-
novich. And it was so ordered.

* * *

THEN I HAVE THIS SET OF
definitions which A. B. Dill clip-
ped from somewhere or other:

SOCIALISM: If you own two
cows, you give one to your neigh-
bor.

COMMUNISM: You give both
cows to the government, and the
government gives you back some
milk.

FASCISM: You keep the cows,
but give the milk to the govern-
ment, which sells some of the milk
back to you.

NEW DEALISM: You shoot one
cow, milk the other and then
pour the milk down the sink.

* * *

PROF. W. H. MORAN FOUND
a little newspaper item telling of
a fall snow at Parsons, W. Va.,
on September 21. The pecu-
liar thing about it was that the
snow fell on apple blossoms with
which local trees were covered.
The trees had bloomed for the sec-
ond time.

WE ARE REMINDED CONTINUALLY by inescapable facts that there is no even tenor on which life in the United States can be maintained, regardless of what goes on in the rest of the world. We may avoid direct political entanglement. We may declare that we will attend strictly to our own business and let the rest of the world stew in its own



Davies

juice. But even while such declarations are being made we feel the influence of what is being done in other lands, and there are reactions, not merely in political circles, but in our market places and in our homes.

* * *

TWO MONTHS AGO PRICES of securities on the New York stock exchange reached the lowest price touched during the year. In spite of low prices for many agricultural products, and in spite of the restraining influence of some of our public policies, all the indications had been for continuation of the business improvement which had set in, but a war cloud had appeared suddenly over Europe, and it threatened to break at once in a devastating storm.

* * *

IT WAS THAT THREAT OF war which sent security prices tumbling in this country. Prices dropped because security holders knew that a war in Europe would have a demoralizing influence on American business, and many preferred to accept the immediate losses then in sight rather than incur the risk of greater losses later on. That cloud passed without breaking, and American prices advanced immediately.

* * *

THE STOCK MARKET IS A mirror of financial opinion. It reflects, with reasonable accuracy, the opinion of the nation's investors as to what business conditions are likely to be in the immediate future. Threat of a war in Europe sent prices down. Removal of that threat permitted them to rise. And this was all without change in the economic or political policies of the nation. War, revolution, unemployment, destitution, in any part of the world, any of these has its reactions on the conditions of American living, and peace and prosperity abroad likewise tend to create peace and prosperity here at home.

* * *

I READ THE OTHER DAY of a group of cowboys who had stripped and horsewhipped one of their number for brutally beating his horse. The fellow insisted that it was his horse and he had a right to treat it as he pleased. The other cowboys thought differently. In a speech in Berlin last Tuesday Dr. Joseph Goebbels, Nazi minister of propaganda, told an audience of 2,000 propagandists that what Germany does with her Jews is wholly her own affair. The cowboys didn't think that way about the maltreating of a horse.

* * *

IF ANYONE HAD PREDICTED to me a few years ago the horrors that have visited upon the Jews of Germany. I should have dismissed the idea as ri-

diculous. Yet it has all come to pass, and there is promised more of the same, and worse. The Schwartz Kops, official organization of the German secret police, in a recent issue, said that there would be no modification of the measures taken against the Jews. They must be driven from contact with Germans, said the paper. Their property must be seized. Even those who succeed in secreting wealth will be compelled to use it up because they will be excluded from means of livelihood. Impoverished and desperate, "all of them will sink into criminality."

* * *

"AT THIS STAGE OF THE development," says the Schwartz Kops, "we should therefore face the hand necessity of exterminating the Jewish underworld in the same fashion in which in this state of order we exterminate criminals generally—by fire and sword."

This is an exact quotation from the official mouthpiece of the government of a nation of sixty million people in this twentieth century.

* * *

WOULDN'T IT BE A FINE thing if, about this far in advance of the regular session of the North Dakota legislature, members-elect were to concern themselves with measures for simplification of the machinery of government, productive utilization of the state's resources, weeding out of incompetents and supernumeraries from the payrolls, relieving the taxpayer of unnecessary burdens and proper support of all the constructive activities of the state? Perhaps the members-elect are thinking about those things, but, superficially, at least, the subject that seems to be given the greatest share of attention is that of who shall control the two houses and whether this faction or that shall be in a position to dish out the most and best jobs. Perhaps there is something more important beneath the surface. I hope so.

* * *

THERE SEEMS TO BE SOME doubt as to whether or not Governor Langer, in his farewell message to the legislature, will reveal the methods whereby that pension plan can be financed. It was suggested at one time that he might keep the secret to himself and leave the legislature and the new governor to wrestle with the subject without his guidance. That would be a cruel trick, and I hope that if Mr. Langer has intended to follow such a course he will think better of it. We shall need all the light on the subject that can be given, and Mr. Langer seems to be the only person who has a candle.

* * *

THE FORTHCOMING MEETING of planning agencies at Devils Lake should be helpful in strengthening the position of the Missouri diversionists. Every year billions of gallons of water flow down the bed of the Missouri and are wasted. Diverted into various channels through the state that water would be of untold benefit to the people. The physical possibility of such diversion is conceded. Its cost would represent but a small fraction of the benefits ultimately arising from it. Its cost would be for less than that of the Fort Peck dam, and nobody knows quite what the Fort Peck dam is for.

IN THE MONEY PROBLEM published several days ago the exchange of a nickel seems to have made more trouble for the correspondents than it did for Tom or Bill. One correspondent who watches these problems quite closely writes that Bill had 23.520 cents and Tom 18.522 cents. The correspondent may have another chance. If he will compare he will see that the two quantities do not comply with the conditions of the problem. I will add the hint that the answer is in whole numbers of cents—no decimals, and the quantities check perfectly in every direction.



Davies

Here's another little one:

* * *

WHEN JOHN, GEORGE AND Henry counted their marbles they found that John had four-ninths of the total number. Henry had 20 marbles, and lost them all down a manhole. John then had four-sevenths of the total number left. How many had each? Again, no decimals; the answer is in whole numbers.

* * *

RUNNING THROUGH SEVERAL issues of The Saturday Evening Post some weeks ago was a story based on the imaginary search of a millionaire for a pair of living passenger pigeons. A denizen of the Florida Everglades is represented as having captured a pair of the birds and collected the large reward offered for them.

* * *

I DIDN'T THINK MUCH OF IT as a story, but it revived the old question: What became of the passenger pigeons? The last member of the species known to science died in Cincinnati a score of years ago. In spite of many tentative explanations, the disappearance of those birds, whose flights once obscured the sun, remains a mystery. Audubon, Wilson and other naturalists watched single flocks for hours and estimated their number at hundreds of millions. Persons now living remember pigeon roosts where the weight of the birds broke down the branches of trees. Early settlers killed and

salted them down in barrels for winter. Wagon loads of them were shipped to market by professional hunters. Then, all at once, they vanished.

* * *

THE FAMILIAR EXPLANATION of their disappearance is that they were all killed off by the brutality and cupidity of man. But they disappeared suddenly from western territory where man had scarcely made his appearance, and where all the killing that could have been done by the few scattered settlers, who had no means of sending them to market, would have had no perceptible effect on their number.

* * *

ANOTHER EXPLANATION OFFERED is that some disease swept through the flocks and destroyed those that man had left. One objection to this theory is that although immense flocks existed so recently, nowhere have there been discovered the quantities of skeletons and other remains that must have been left by such sudden mortality.

* * *

YEARS AGO THE CAPTAIN of a ship reported that in crossing the Gulf of Mexico he had sailed for many hours through dense passes of birds, presumably pigeons, afloat on the water. He supposed that a large flock had been caught in a tropical storm and destroyed. Possibly other flocks had been destroyed in like manner.

* * *

PUBLICATION OF THE POST'S story has revived speculation on the subject, and The Post publishes a letter from a clergyman in Virginia who writes that in 1907 a girl of his acquaintance told him that while traveling in South America she had met a young engineer who reported having seen countless thousands of wild pigeons far up in the Mountains of Bolivia, around Lake Titicaca.

* * *

THE PASTOR'S BELIEF IS that the pigeons, finding their supply of food failing had migrated almost in a body. Again, that seems scarcely probable. For many years intensive search was made for any surviving members of this species, and it seems that if they existed in considerable numbers in territory no matter how remote, scientific explorers would have discovered them long ago.

NORTH DAKOTA'S THANKS-giving storm of 1896 is historic. It was one of the wildest storms ever known in this region, and, coming, as it did, on a holiday, it subjected people to more than ordinary inconvenience. Returns from this year's Thanksgiving storm in the eastern states tell of heavy snowfall, furious winds, huge drifts, blocked roads and many deaths from exposure.

In the more congested areas thousands of automobiles were stalled in the drifts, and nothing is more helpless than an automobile stuck in the snow. Many of the deaths were automobile casualties, cars having plunged off the icy roads. Washington had a snowfall of seven inches, which is unusual for the capital.



Davies

NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR authorities welcomed the snow, however, for they think it saved the crop of wheat now growing on the fair grounds. As a part of its exhibit a baking company has winter wheat growing on a plot of 10,000 square feet which is expected to be ready for harvest on the opening day of the fair next April. The wheat was so far along that it was feared that without protection it would be killed during the winter. Arrangements had been made to transport hundreds of tons of snow with which to cover it, but nature took the matter in hand and supplied the snow without cost.

J. L. COSGROVE, ONE OF the old residents of the city, has handed me a clipping from a Toronto paper containing a description of a sawmill at Ballycroy, near Orangeville, Ontario, which was built 118 years ago and is still running. The mill was built on the bank of the Humber river, whose waters have supplied power for it all these years. It is the last of a great number of water-driven mills that were built in the early years in that territory. Mr. Cosgrove was familiar with it during his boyhood. The present owner, W. J.

Francis, has operated the mill for 18 years.

AT ONE TIME THERE WERE 27 such mills on the Humber river between Mono and Toronto, a distance of 34 miles by land and slightly more by water. Those mills were not impressive in size or power used. The article says that the maximum power developed at the Ballycroy site is 35 horsepower. Naturally when water is scarce the power will be much less. Mr. Cosgrove says that in his boyhood it was currently reported that at times the sawyer would start cutting a log, go to dinner, and get back in time to remove the board as the saw finished cutting it.

THOSE LITTLE MATHEMATICAL problems with which some of my readers have been amusing themselves seem to be leading off into natural history. Neil Johnston, of Fordville, writes that two years ago a goose raised on his farm from goslinghood met accidental death at the age of 32 years. That suggests to him the following problem:

ASSUMING THAT THIS GOOSE had hatched 10 goslings each year, one-half of that number being females, and each succeeding year the offspring and their offspring producing at the same rate, how many geese would there be on the farm at the time of her death, all the offspring having lived until that time?

MR. JOHNSTON SAYS THAT he expects to obtain an estimate from the county agent as to the yardage and food required the last year for all the geese, also the shipping equipment required to send them to the city.

I HAVEN'T TAKEN TIME TO figure the thing out, and Mr. Johnston does not supply the answer, but I can assure Mr. Johnston that all those geese wouldn't be on the farm. There wouldn't be room for them to stand. I suppose too, that the feathers from those geese would be enough to make feather beds for all the people of the United States, regardless of race, creed or politics, with a lot left over. This, of course, is merely a rough estimate. Persons interested in geometrical progression may like to figure this out.